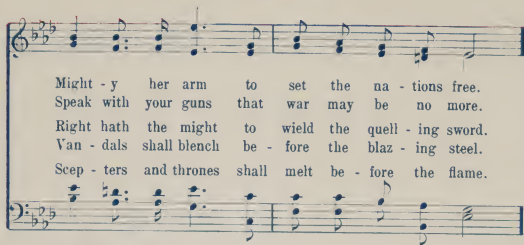
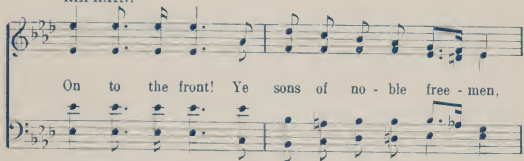


America's Battle-Cry.

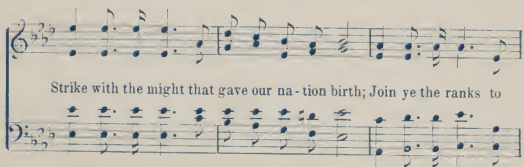


Might - y her arm to set the na - tions free.
 Speak with your guns that war may be no more.
 Right hath the might to wield the quell - ing sword.
 Van - dals shall blench be - fore the blaz - ing steel.
 Scep - ters and thrones shall melt be - fore the flame.

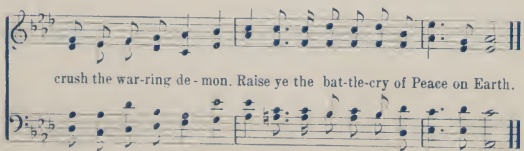
REFRAIN.



On to the front! Ye sons of no - ble free - men,



Strike with the might that gave our na - tion birth; Join ye the ranks to

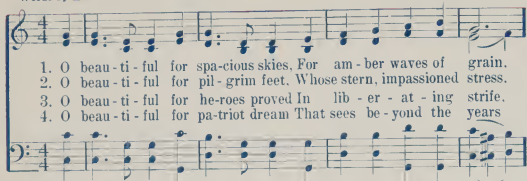


crush the war-ring de - mon. Raise ye the bat-tle-cry of Peace on Earth.

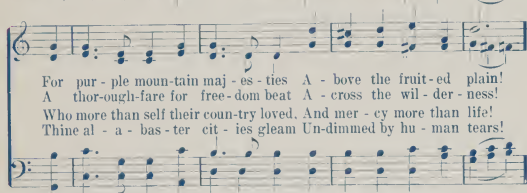
America the Beautiful.

Words by KATHARINE LEE BATES.


Tune:—MATERNA.



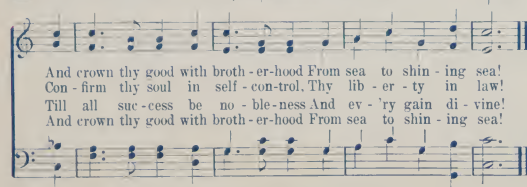
1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain.
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress.
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years



For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!
 A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!
 Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life!
 Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears!



A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw.
 A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine
 A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,

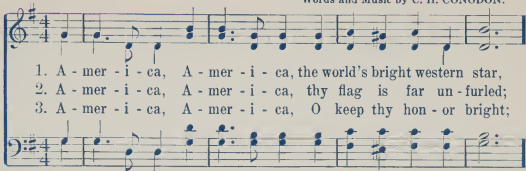


And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
 Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
 Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness And ev-'ry gain di-vine!
 And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!

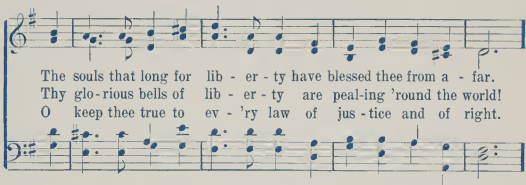
Used by permission of Katharine Lee Bates.

America the Free.

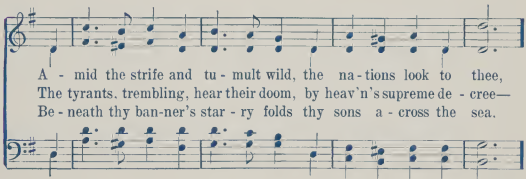
Words and Music by C. H. CONGDON.



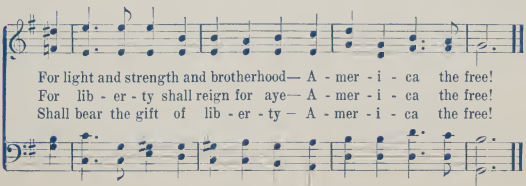
1. A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, the world's bright western star,
2. A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, thy flag is far un - furled;
3. A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca, O keep thy hon - or bright;



The souls that long for lib - er - ty have blessed thee from a - far.
Thy glo - rious bells of lib - er - ty are peal - ing 'round the world!
O keep thee true to ev - 'ry law of jus - tice and of right.



A - mid the strife and tu - mult wild, the na - tions look to thee,
The tyrants, trembling, hear their doom, by heav'n's supreme de - cree—
Be - neath thy ban - ner's star - ry folds thy sons a - cross the sea.




For light and strength and brotherhood— A - mer - i - ca the free!
For lib - er - ty shall reign for aye— A - mer - i - ca the free!
Shall bear the gift of lib - er - ty— A - mer - i - ca the free!

America's Battle-Cry.



Dedicated to Marshal Joffre.

C. H. CONGDON.



WILL EARHART.



1. Arm, broth - ers, arm! The suf-f'ring world is bleed - ing,
 2. Speed, broth - ers, speed! Hu - man - i - ty is call - ing,
 3. Fight, broth - ers, fight! For jus - tice we are plead - ing,
 4. On, broth - ers, on! Your songs of tri - umph sing - ing,
 5. Rise, souls of men! The crim - son tide is turn - ing,

Loud comes the cry for help a - cross the sea;
 Call - ing for you to o - pen free - dom's door,
 Forth to the field to meet the ruth - less horde!
 Na - tions no more the ty - rant's pow'r shall feel;
 Soon all man - kind their rights di - vine shall claim;

Swift to their aid A - mer - i - ca is speed - ing.
 On to the front, where pa - tri - ots are fall - ing,
 Greed, lust and hate on hu - man lives are feed - ing.
 Mon - archs shall quail where bat - tle lines are fling - ing,
 God rules the world and Free - dom's fire is burn - ing,

